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MAR.02

SUPERMAN[®]

ACTION COMICS[®]

PRIMAL FEAR!

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IN THE
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Doomed Planet Krypton. The rocket. A child. Journey across cold space. Earth. Smallville. Crash landing. The Kents. Learns TRUTH, JUSTICE and THE AMERICAN WAY. Faster than a Speeding Bullet. Stronger than a Locomotive. A Man can fly. Believe.

SUPERMAN
ACTION COMICS!

THE CAGE



JOE KELLY WRITER • CARLOS MEGLIA PENCILS, INKS, COLORS
COMICRAFT LETTERS TOM PALMER JR. ASSOCIATE EDITOR EDDIE BERGANZA EDITOR
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER





WE ALWAYS START IN THE MIDDLE.
IT DOESN'T MATTER *WHY* WE'RE
FIGHTING. WE JUST ARE.

UNTIL I *END IT* BY KILLING HIM.
AFTER THE INCIDENT WITH
MANCHESTER BLACK, I THOUGHT
THEY'D GO AWAY FOR GOOD.

WISHFUL THINKING. MAYBE
I CUT SHORT MY SESSIONS
WITH CLAIRE TOO SOON.

THERE'S A *DIFFERENCE* TONIGHT,
THOUGH. BEFORE, THE DREAMS
WERE THICK WITH *FEAR... TERROR...*
OVER WHAT I WAS DOING TONIGHT...

... I JUST FELT *TRAPPED* IN
THE *INEVITABILITY* OF IT ALL.
BACKED INTO A WORST CASE
SCENARIO. A *BUZZING* IN MY
HEAD THROUGHOUT THE THING.

SEE THE RECENT *ENDING BATTLE* -- ED.

I DON'T KNOW *WHY*, BUT I KNOW
IT IN MY HEART. I'M ON A *COLLISION*
COURSE WITH THAT MAN...

... AND IT CAN
ONLY END *BADLY*.
VERY BADLY.

GRODD?

-- OFFICERS ON
THE SCENE REPORTING
GORILLA GRODD TEARING
APART DOWNTOWN
CHICAGO --

THE WINDY CITY.

TAKE YOUR
TIME, FELLAS. I'VE
GOT THIS.

HE'S
KIDDING,
RIGHT?

COME ON,
PEOPLE! MOVE IT.
BUT STAY CALM --
SUPERMAN'S ON
THE JOB!

SOMETHING
IS NOT RIGHT
HERE.

GORILLA GRODD IS A HIGHLY EVOLVED SIMIAN WITH **TELEPATHIC** POWERS, A **TERRORIST** AND A **DESPOT** --

-- RANDOM ACTS OF VIOLENCE AREN'T IN HIS **REPERTOIRE**.

SKFFFF

KRONNK

OPEN JLA
COMMLINK...
FLASH?

MAKE IT FAST,
I'M IN THE MIDDLE
OF SOMETHING.

DO YOU HAVE
A CURRENT TWENTY
ON GORILLA
GRODD?

ARE YOU
TRYING TO BE
FUNNY?

I'M IN
GORILLA CITY
RIGHT NOW IN THE
MIDDLE OF A CIVIL
WAR THAT HE
CAUSED!

SEE CURRENT FLASH ISSUES FOR THE WHOLE STORY! -- ED.

OH,
YOU NEED
HELP?

NOT UNLESS
YOU'RE FLYING IN
BANANA-FLAVORED
NAPALM. I GOTTA
GO.

OKAY,
BUT YOU'RE
SURE --

OH

MAROOOGAH!

WOMPA

KRASH

SORRY,
WALLY... FALSE
ALARM.

IT'S NOT
GRODD.

KISS
LINDA FOR
ME.

MWRAAGH!



EASY, BIG BOY...

CACHTOOM



... "RUMBLE IN THE URBAN JUNGLE" IS OVER.

WOULD IT BE ASKING TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND ENGLISH SO WE CAN TALK THIS OUT AND I CAN GET BACK TO BED?



SKRAWWT!

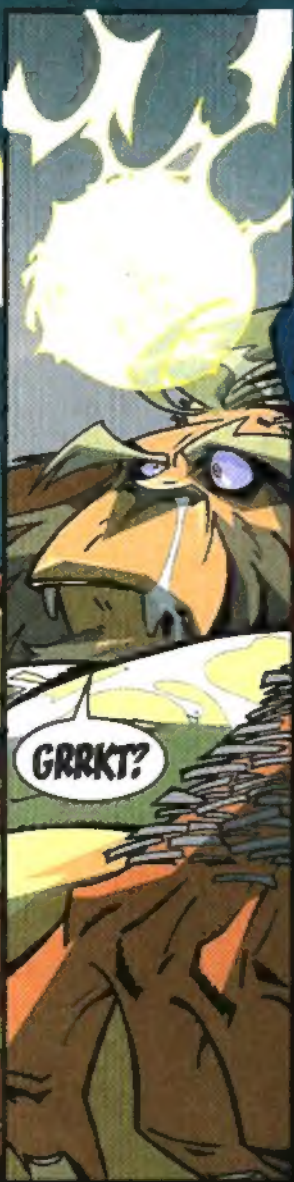
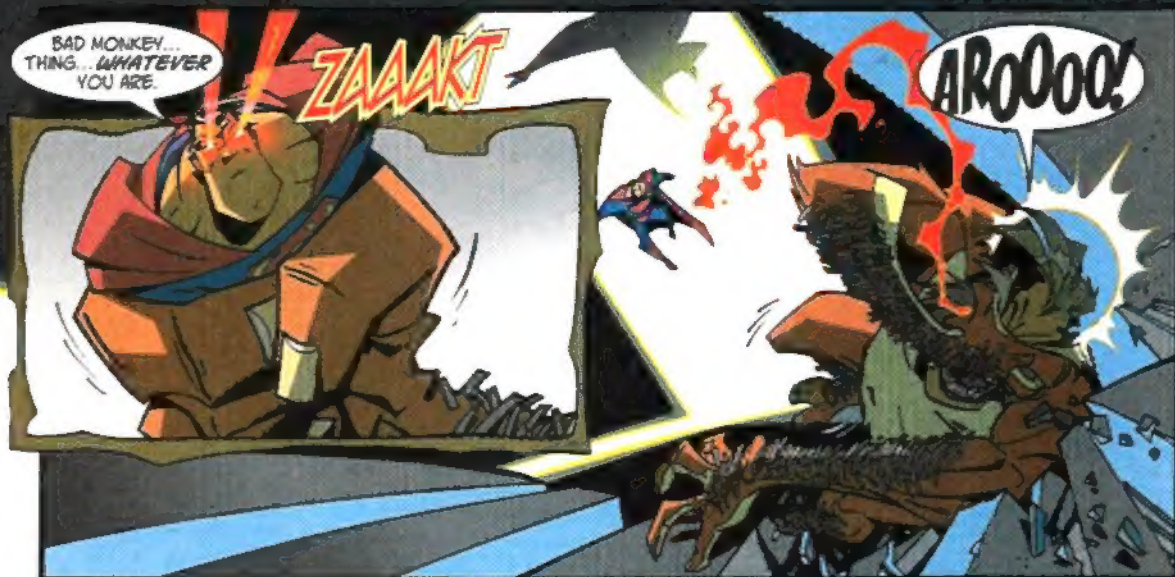
FWISH

NNNGHE

WOOOSH

OKAY...
YOU'RE FAST.
YOU'RE ANGRY.
I GET IT.

BUT YOU
DON'T GET TWO,
BONGO.



(WH-WHAT
WAS THAT? HEAD
HURTS. I --)

(WHAT'S
WRONG WITH MY
VOICE?)

OOKT?

NO?

<N00000!>





WHAT THEN BE
LIFE, FOR THE
STONE AND
STUMP...

THE VOICELESS
LOS AND ITS
MOTIONLESS
BUNNY

"NOT MUCH" I'D
DARE SAY, BUT
I'VE NO VOICE
TO YELL.

WHICH IS HOW
I KNOW FOR
CERTAIN.



WE ALL
LIVE IN
HELL.

PSYCHICS
WAS TO BE
IT'S HIS
MIND.
I'M IN
THE BEAST'S
MIND.



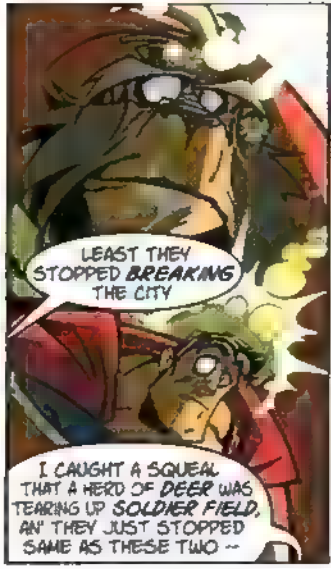
WE'RE AS EVACUATED AS WE'RE GONNA GET. ARMY'S ON THE WAY

RIGHT. I WAS JUST THINKIN' REMEMBER THAT SEMINAR WE DITCHED TO CATCH THE GAME LAST WEEK?

THINK IT WOULD'VE HELPED WITH THIS?

NO. NOT REALLY.

"META-HUMAN INCIDENT RESPONSE AND PROTOCOL"? YEAH



LEAST THEY STOPPED *BREAKING* THE CITY

I CAUGHT A SQUEAL THAT A HERD OF DEER WAS TEARING UP SOLDIER FIELD, AN' THEY JUST STOPPED SAME AS THESE TWO --

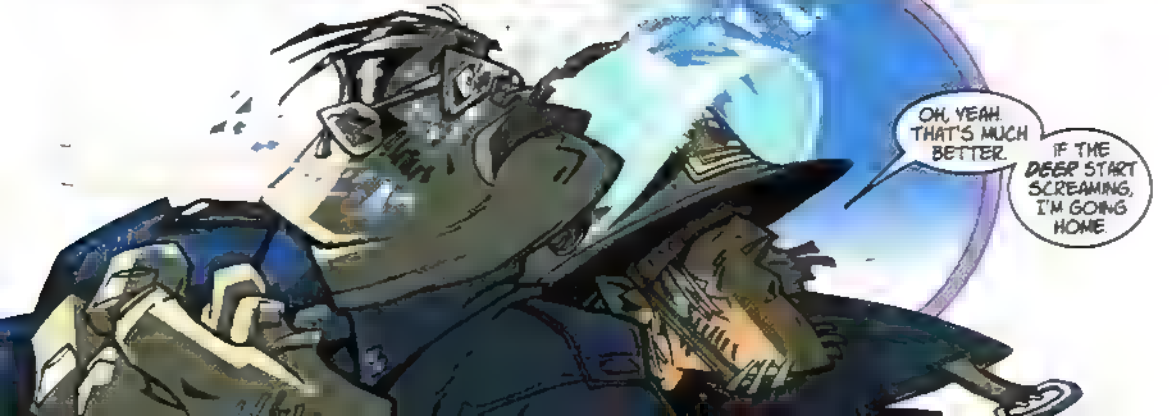


SKREEEENGGH

AAHHHHH



AAHHHHHHHHH



OH, YEAH THAT'S MUCH BETTER

IF THE DEER START SCREAMING, I'M GOING HOME

THE INEVITABLE
TERMINUS OF ALL
THINGS

...ENTROPY. BLESSED
SCATTERING OF ATOMS
AND ENERGY TO THE
RUTHLESS WINDS OF TIME

SURREALITY
CHECK

GIANT PREHISTORIC
APE CREATURE WITH
PSI POWERS SUCKS
ME INTO HIS
MIND

WHERE HE
CONTINUES TO TRY
AND KILL ME WITH
FORCE -

EXCEPT FOR THE MAN IN
THE BOX. HOW CAN IT BE
HE NEVER CHANGES? HOW
CAN HIS CAGE DENY THE
INEVITABLE?

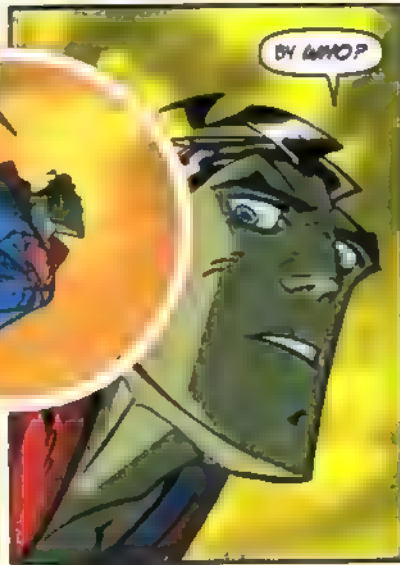
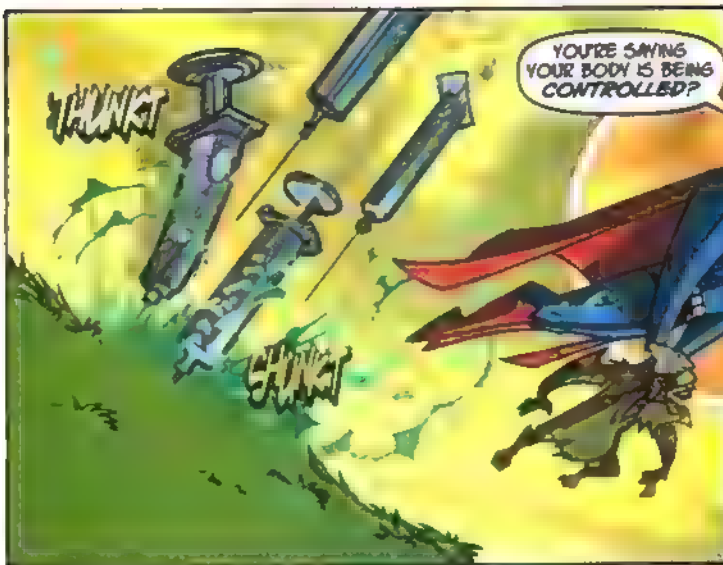
- AND WEAK
POETRY

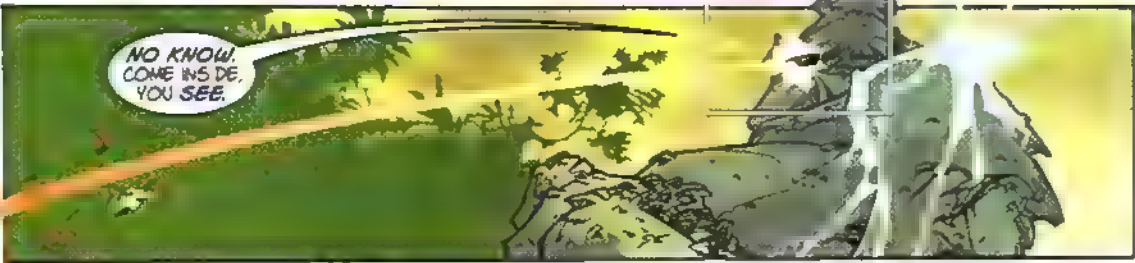
SCATTER ME

I WISH
IT WAS GRODD-
:NINNGH!

WHOMP

WHOOOSH





NO KNOW.
COME INS DE,
YOU SEE.



ME
HAPPY. ME
QUIET.



ME
HOME ALONE
PLAY.



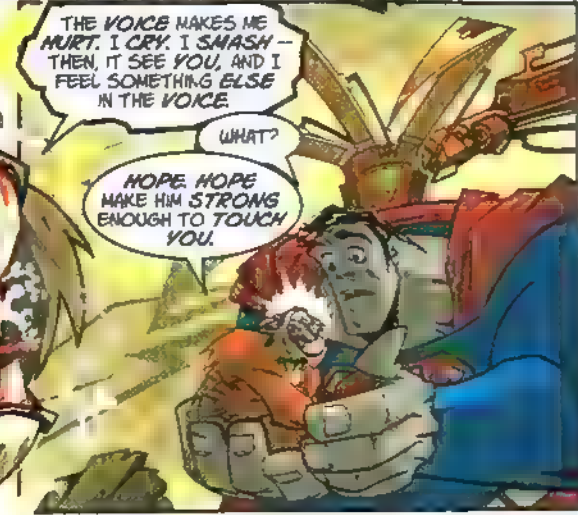
HEAR SOMETHING
SPECIAL, NOT WITH
EARS, WITH
INSIDE.

IN ANIMAL'S
CALL OTHER ANIMALS
HEAR T TOO, BUT NOT
KNOW. ME SMARTER
THAN ANIMAL SPECIAL
SO I LOOK --



VOICE SCREAM.
VOICE CALL CRY
PULL.

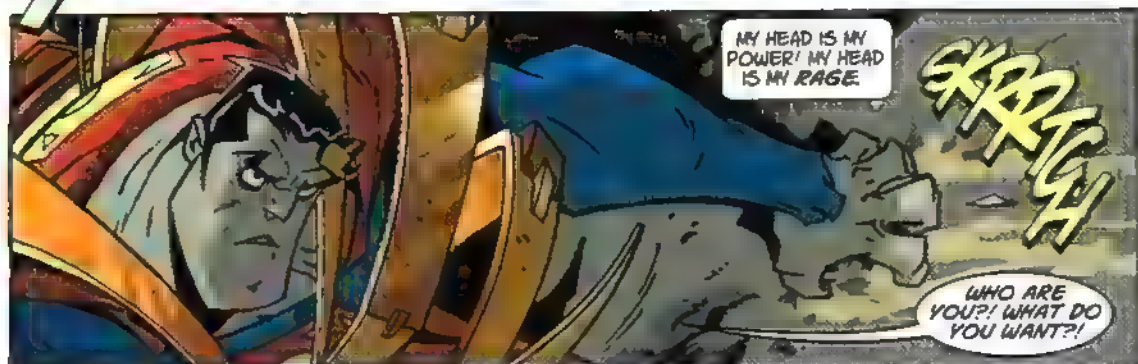
IT TOOK
MY BODY MY
MIND TRAPPED
IN HIS CAGE.



THE VOICE MAKES ME
HURT. I CRY. I SMASH --
THEN, IT SEE YOU, AND I
FEEL SOMETHING ELSE
IN THE VOICE.

WHAT?

HOPE. HOPE
MAKE HIM STRONGS
ENOUGH TO TOUCH
YOU.







TWENTY-FIVE
MILES AWAY...

A MAXIMUM SECURITY
PRISON CATERING TO
UNIQUE OFFENDERS...

"MY HEAD IS
MY CAGE... 'YEAH,
AN ELEPHANT'S
CAGE, MAYBE.

FULL OF
ELEPHANT DUNG,
MAYBE.



IN ALL FAIRNESS,
YOU WERE GETTIN' BETTER
WITH THE POETRY THING
FOR A WHILE, UNTIL I TOOK
AWAY YOUR DICTATION
DEVICE.

"THERAPY"
IN EYE.

I WONDER WHAT
SORT OF POETRY YOU'D
BANG OUT NOW... SEEM' AS
YOU'RE PRETTY MUCH WORKING
ON THE ANIMAL CENTERS OF
YOUR BIG OL' BRAIN.



MUST BE AGONIZING. TIME
WAS YOU COULD ZAP A BRAIN
FROM ACROSS THE GLOBE. NOW
YOU COULDN'T FRY AN EGG
WITH A MICROWAVE.



AND WE STILL HAVE SO MUCH
TIME LEFT TOGETHER.

I'VE ALREADY
TOLD YOU THE
ONE ABOUT MY WIFE,
RIGHT? THE GODDESS
YOU TURNED INTO A
VEGETABLE LAST
TIME YOU WENT ON
A TEAR?



I DID? WELL
LET'S HEAR IT
AGAIN. I KNOW I
NEVER GET TIRED
OF THE REPLAY —



A TELEPATH.
TRAPPED.
NEEDLES.

THIS
MUST BE THE
PLACE.

OH MY
GOD.





NOT FOR NOTHING, SUPERMAN, SAUNDERS AS SACK. BUT NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF HAMMOND HADN'T LOBOTOMIZED HIS WIFE.

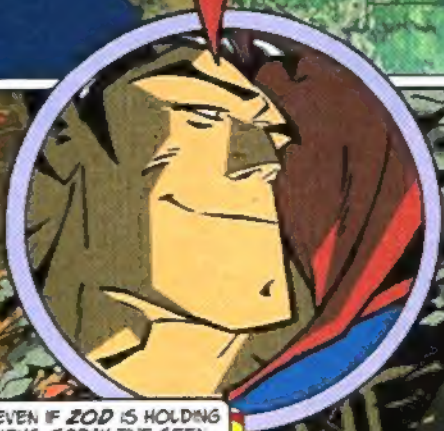
MONSTERS CREATE MONSTERS

TRUE, BUT SOMETIMES... SO DO CAGES.

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, DOCTOR... I HAVE TO MAKE SURE WE DON'T CREATE ONE MORE.

THE AIR UP HERE IS CLEAN. CLEAR... EVEN IF MY HEAD ISN'T.

I STILL FEEL LIKE I'M TRAPPED IN MY OWN CAGE, I JUST CAN'T SEE WHERE THE BARS ARE YET.



BUT EVEN IF ZOD IS HOLDING THE KEYS, TODAY I'VE SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES...

HOPE FINDS A WAY TO UNLOCK ANY CASE.

JOE KELLY
CARLOS MEGIA

